

SPECIAL BARGAINS

1,500 yards Spring Style Dress Gingham in short lengths, 8 to 15 yards, regular 10 cent quality, at **5 cents** a yard by the piece.

500 yards 40 inch Good, Unbleached Sheetting, 5 to 15 yards, **5 1-2 cents** per yard.

100 pieces Body Brussels Remnants, 1 1-2 yards long, **75 cents** each. Just the thing for rugs.

N. DAYTON BOLSTER & CO.

South Paris, Maine.

1

When Trains Leave Norway.

Leave Norway for Portland and Lewiston.
5.54, 8.35, a. m.; 4.15, 6 p. m.
Leave Norway for Gorham and West.
10.03, a. m.; 3.30, 10.01 p. m.
Including Sunday.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

New sidewalk is the story of Whitman street.

E. S. Skillings has bought a lot on Paris Street.

The paint brush has been deftly wielded about the Hayden Villa by Lake Pennessawassee.

Mrs. Herman L. Bartlett and little son Donald are visiting her parents in Lovell.

Mrs. W. K. Bickford attended the Episcopal Convention and Woman's Auxiliary at Portland, the past week.

Oliver H. Green, who was landlord of the Beal's Hotel in Norway in the seventies, died at his home in Sharon, Mass., June 4. His age was about 52.

Alice Johnston received a telegram, Sunday, announcing the death of her brother, Albion Johnston, who lived near Sherbrooke, P. Q. He visited in Norway, last fall.

Theodore L. Webb and a party of friends in Berlin have organized the "Berlin Club," and bought Grand View Cottage by Lake Pennessawassee. They spent the Sabbath there.

Charles Johnson attempted suicide, Saturday morning, by hanging in the attic. William H. Twombly happened to be passing at the time, and was called in and cut him down, almost as soon as the jump was made.

The Bridgton News says: A radical specimen of balky horses was the one a Norway man came to town with, last Friday. He drove to the R. R. station at 9 a. m. and it was 3.30 before the beast would consent to leave.

Uncle Ephraim H. Brown has hood his garden. The vegetables in it are a worthy source of pride to him as they are in splendid condition. He planted the seed about the first of May, before the forty days rain commenced.

Died, in East Boston, June 9, at the age of 37, Fannie Small, wife of Dr. Frank H. Tilton, daughter of the late Hanson Wentworth and Harriet E. Small.

Funeral services at the Saratoga St. M. E. Church, Saturday, June 12, at 2.30 p. m.

The closed mails on this division of the Grand Trunk have been discontinued. Mails now close at the post-office as follows:

For down R. R., 8.00 a. m. and 3.35 p. m.
For up R. R., 9.40 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.
For stages, 3.40 p. m.

Besides taking away the stable to the old Danforth stand and adding another story to the L, there are a lot of interior changes in progress. Not only paint and paper but a tearing out of the old large chimney with brick oven, etc., and building of a smaller, for de cote shaft.

The Gorham base ball team canceled their engagement to play at Norway, Saturday, on account of disability of their pitcher. So manager Tufts of our home team hustled to find some others to play, finally sending a man to Bridgton who got the club of that place to come over and swing the bats.

The visitors proved to be a strong team and a good game was the result. The Norways won by a score of 10 to 9. The boys are anxious for another game.

Hon. A. C. Dennison of Mechanic Falls, who was in trade in Norway, will, many years, is in failing health. He built the store at the Falls and in company with others run a general country store there, and afterwards he had a store where the Noyes Drug Store Block now is. Mr. Dennison also ran a store in Auburn similar to the one in Norway, and he was largely engaged in supplying contractors on the line of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. He put machinery for the manufacture of paper in the gun factory at the Falls, and carried on the job business there for several years. He also owned the saw-mill at the Falls.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. In stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, 2-39 Roy, N. H.

PRYEBURG.
Paul Morley of Saginaw, Mich., is in town.

E. A. Crawford of Dover, N. H., is at James Osgood's.

Mrs. Hannah McKenney of Portland is in town for the summer.

The Peakes will appear at the vestry, Friday evening, June 18.

Ida Farrington of Lovell has been visiting Mrs. Seth W. Fife.

L. R. Campbell delivered the Memorial address at Limerick.

David R. Haley has been quite sick, but is better; also John Locke.

The Fryeburg Water Co. are repairing and enlarging the reservoir at Green Hill.

V. M. Carpenter has purchased the stock and rented the store belonging to O. H. Tibbets and intends to add a line of groceries.

BETHEL.
Herman Mason was at home, last week.

Dr. E. C. Walker of Norway, was in town, last week.

Col. Clark S. Edwards visited at Peak's Island, last week.

Lena Clark has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Yates at Milan.

The Ritters and family met with Mrs. Abiel Chandler, last week.

Mrs. W. L. Mason and little daughter of Gorham, N. H., visited in town recently.

Arthur G. Wiley, principal of Norway high school, is spending his vacation at home.

Rev. F. E. Barton will preach the annual sermon before the I. O. O. F. and Rebekah Lodges, next Sunday.

John Yates of Bethel, has engaged with F. L. Kenney & Co. of Gorham, N. H., and will run on the meat team.

Edwin Gehring will spend the summer with his relatives in Cleveland, Ohio. He will visit Bethel in the fall before returning to the school of technology in Boston.

OTISFIELD.
The Otisfield Library Association held its annual meeting at Mrs. Ada Spurr's, Saturday afternoon, June 5, and the following officers were elected.

Treas. Grace Spurr.
Sec. and Treas. Mrs. Flora Nutting.
Directors, Mrs. Aurora Mitchell, Mrs. Annie Nutting, Mrs. Ellen Turner.
Librarian, Mrs. Ada Spurr.

Poem.

Written to Mr. and Mrs. Kilbon Perham on the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, May 29, 1887.

Fifty years have passed away,
Have all too quickly fled,
Since heaven crowned your happiness,
And you, dear friends, were wed.

Congratulatory hearts together draw,
Love's sacred vows ye took,
To share one fireside and to read
Together from life's book.

To share alike in joy or woe,
To share alike in hopes and fears;
How vividly they seem to stand
From out the mist of years.

Along life's highway, hand in hand,
Ye took your gladsome way,
And now love's milestones you have reached,
The golden wedding day.

Through flowery mead or thorny way,
Faithful your hearts and true;
Now well along your journey, friends,
Once more love's vows renew.

For stealing through the vanished years,
Echo the wedding bells;
The music of their golden tongues
Has own sweet story tells.

Fifty years of wedded life
Have faded in the past;
Some full of sunny merriment,
Some by dark clouds o'ercast.

Content with life, your smiling hearts
Heard not the silent tread
Of youth's glad morn, e'en through our tears,
We see hope's promised bow;

At eve our eyes no longer
To catch the sunset's glow.
God bless you as you journey on,
Kindred and friends are here
To wish you all life can bestow,
For many a happy year.

When memory with tender hand,
Shall garner up the grain,
May you a golden harvest glean,
Yielding more joy than pain.

And may this Heaven-sent chain of love,
Your hearts in bondage hold,
May He who made your hearts as one,
Love's destiny to share,
Unbroken hold life's fragile thread,
The parting tears to spare.

And may the mantle of old age
About you softly fall,
When in the shadows you shall wait,
To hear the Master's call.

In the sweet twilight of your lives,
May you together stand;
And through the pearly gates of rest,
Walk onward, hand in hand.

Took Stick To Them.

An Old-Time Guide Relates Experience With Party of Ministers.

Twenty-five years ago, and before guides came in fashion, parties who came here to hunt and fish would hire some one to go with them into the woods for the purpose of cooking and to look out for their welfare in general.

In the year 1872 a crowd of gentlemen came, known as the Elder Clark party. They engaged Rufe Crosby and Charles Soule to go with them to Kennebec.

Their supplies were hauled by a six-ox team. At this time there was no law of limitation on the number of fish that might be taken and when a party went out to fish they generally returned with a boat load of trout.

Rufe owned all the boats in Kennebec at that time and he could look ahead far enough to see that such a wholesale slaughter of the fish would not do, for if it was kept up the demand would be greater than the supply.

The next morning after the arrival of the Clark party they wanted to go out with all the necessary things at their disposal. At night they returned, and it was calculated that they had half a ton of trout.

This rather vexed Rufe and he told them not to bring in any more than they wanted to eat.

The next day they went out again and returned at dark with another boat load. Rufus' ire was aroused at their actions after he had almost prayed with them not to take more fish than they wanted to eat.

"But," said one, "we have lots of fun catching them, and if we came in and told you that we had caught 300 trout you wouldn't believe us unless we could produce the fish to show for it."

Rufe waxed eloquent.

"Why, I am astonished at your talk. You gentlemen upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Christianity, some of you who have been called to preach the gospel, do you mean to say that people who know you will not believe what you can say?"

"This talk of Rufe's rather cooled them off a little, but still he was pretty mad because they could not see that it was of considerable consequence to catch fish and destroy them."

The next day Rufe and his party decided that they would go out fishing if he could prevent it. Morning dawned and the party was up bright and early. They had breakfast and went down to the shore and proceeded to push one of the boats out on the lake. Rufe ran down and wanted to know what they were trying to do. They told him they were going fishing.

"Not if I know it," said Rufe.

"Why not?" said the spokesman.

"If you go yesterday that you mustn't catch so many fish to waste and you paid no attention. I made up my mind that you wouldn't do it again and I still think that way," replied the guide, picking up a stick.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to stop us from fishing, to-day, do you?" said one of the party.

"That's just what I'm going to do, and if you attempt to push that boat out you will do it over my dead body."

The ministers talk together.

After a conference among themselves, one of them advanced toward Rufe, whose eyes were full of blood. He raised the stick but it never fell, save as it slowly descended upon the ground.

A flag of truce had been lifted by the party and they were ready to make all most any arrangement whereby they could do some fishing that day. After a short conference with Rufe they returned to the boat. They had agreed not to bring in any more fish than they wanted to eat, throwing back what they did not save. They afterwards saw the evil of their ways, asked the forgiveness of Rufe and when they left for home they were a sadder but wiser set.

Rufe declared he would have knocked the first man down that attempted to take a boat if they hadn't agreed to do as he said.—Rangeley Lakes.

The Grain-O Law Suit.

Rochester, N. Y., May 24, 1897.—The great \$50,000 damage suit instituted by a Michigan Cereal Company against the Genesee Pure Food Company is at an end. They settled it and took it out of the court for the ridiculously small sum of \$500, and as a practical result, Grain-O is in greater demand than ever. The new plant, only just completed, is to be duplicated, so that not only the old friends of the delicious food drink, which completely takes the place of coffee, but the new friends it is making every day will be supplied. The beverage which the children, as well as the adult, may drink with benefit, will be furnished in unlimited quantities. Suits may come, and suits may go, but Grain-O goes for ever.

South Paris Grammar School.

The interest which South Paris people take in their children's schooling was strikingly shown, Friday evening. Rain was falling in torrents, but the large Baptist church was filled with people interested to witness the annual graduation of the first class in the village grammar school.

The back of the rostrum was draped in evergreen with bright flowers scattered about the vines. At one side was an organ, on the other side the choir niche was trimmed with evergreen and chairs were arranged for the class.

At half past seven, the strains of a march came from the pipe organ in the gallery and the class marched in by twos and took their seats.

Mrs. Herman E. Wilson was organist, not only playing the entering march but accompanying on the smaller organ in front, for an exquisite contralto solo. The Kingdom Called Home—sung by Lulu M. Cook, and the class ode at the close.

Divine help and instruction were asked for by Thomas J. Ramsdell of the Baptist church.

Recitations or declamations were given by nine of the class, Lizzie E. Field, Orianna Bonney, Mamie W. Dunham, Roy H. Porter, Bertha A. Rideout, Harold E. Gammon, Carrie A. Gray, E. Mae DeCoster and Minnie E. Wilson.

They spoke their pieces easily and seemed to have learned that a friendly audience ought, not to be a terror.

These and all the others know how to stand when speaking, which is an art that some public speakers would do well to cultivate.

The class has had valuable drill on writing compositions. They do splendid work in this line, and we noticed that teacher and a number of parents looked proud as the scholars recited their own writings. "Success and Failure" was the subject of Donald H. Bean; "Influence," Grace Bennett; "Electricity," William P. Marston; "Harriet Beecher Stowe," Mabel R. Penley; "Some Things that Make a Good Citizen," Ava L. Brett; "The Telegraph," Winslow C. Thayer.

The topic of Annie M. Jenne's salutatory was "Maine;" and the valedictory by Florence M. Richardson was about "The Old-Fashioned Girl and the Girl of To-day." They were both pleasing papers. The witty history and prophecy were the occasion of lots of laughter.

The former was by Walter H. Pulsifer, and the latter by Estelle M. Corbett.

Henry Fletcher, superintendent of schools of Paris, presented the diplomas. He spoke for six minutes, expressing his pleasure and the gratification of teacher, school board and parents at the successful exercises of the evening. When all had received their testimonials of faithfulness to studies, Mr. Fletcher said he had another pleasant duty, and in behalf of the class, he presented to Ivy Richardson, the teacher, a valuable toilet case.

Miss Richardson was taken completely by surprise, but she is a young woman of ready resource, and made a few happy remarks in accepting the gift.

After singing the pretty class ode, written by Minnie E. Wilson, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Insley A. Bean of the Methodist church.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people and all who are afflicted with constipation, indigestion and 1.00 per bottle at Noyes Drug Store, Norway, and Shurtleff's Pharmacy, South Paris.

For significance, variety and interest of matter, and beauty of illustration, there rarely issues a magazine equal to the June number of McColure's. Professor Langley's account of his ten years of hard study and experiment in the construction of flying-machines, crowded at last with a machine that actually solves the problem and proves "mechanical flight" to be both possible and practicable.

Grand Commencement

South Paris High School

At Baptist Church,

SOUTH PARIS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18.

For the following talent has been engaged:

MISS BERTHA WEBB Violin Virtuoso, one of the finest Lady Violinists in the country.

MISS S. MARRIA CRAFT Soprano Soloist, of Boston, who receives the largest salary of any Soprano in the State.

MR. JACOBSON Pianist, of Grimmer's Theater Orchestra.

MISS AGNES MAY SAFFORD Read-er, of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, and of the Boston Herald.

MRS. CORA S. BRIGGS Piano Soloist and Accompanist.

For press notices of Mrs. Briggs as piano soloist see Lewiston Evening Journal of May 21st; also Saturday Journal May 22nd.

This fine array of talent will be heard in Vocal and Instrumental Solos, Duets, Trios, and in Obligato with the vocalists.

The music rendered will be of the very highest order of merit, and the reading the best ever heard here.

This is a concert you should not miss. Tickets, 35 and 50 cents, on sale at Shurtleff's, South Paris, and Stone's, Norway.

For further particulars see small bills; also Oxford Democrat and Norway Advertiser.

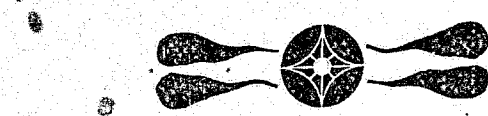
Have You Tried Hamburg Steak?

Such as...

L. I. GILBERT

Makes. If not you should get some at once. It will please you. Call at the market, next to Elm House, Norway, or speak to driver of team.

FLOUR



The Price of Flour Has Dropped.

All our High Grade Flour sold at a Reduced Figure because of the change in the market prices.

We have a new line of Cereal Goods that is fresh from the mills. Something entirely new. Inquire of

C. B. CUMMINGS & SONS.

STYLISH SERVICEABLE SHIRTS

Our stock of shirts is in royal condition. Full lines, complete range of sizes—all the fashionable effects that dressy people take to. Of course prices are right. That's the important point. It wouldn't be business sense to have it otherwise. The public would find it out and pass us by. Can't afford to take the slightest risk. Every shirt is marked down to the lowest possible notch. You'll pay more elsewhere, and not get so good quality. That's our plea for your preference.

H. B. Foster,

Opera House Block, - - NORWAY, MAINE.

We never had such a complete line of all kinds of

= = FOOTWEAR = =

As now. You can surely get fitted and suited if you come to us. We give premium with \$10.00 worth of goods. The store is open at 6.30 every morning, is open during the noon hour, and Monday and Saturday evenings till 10 o'clock; closes other nights at 6.15. Come to us for all the new things in Footwear, at the lowest price. Yours truly,

SMILEY SHOE STORE,

E. N. SWETT, Manager. Norway, Maine.
Next Door to S. B. & Z. S. Prince's.

BLUE STORE

Why is it? Because we have the right goods, at the right prices, and the people know when they trade with us they get used right.

Our Suits at \$10.00, 7.50, 5.00 are undeniably great bargains. Our Black Worsted Suits at \$7.50, 9.00, 10.00, 13.00, 17.00 are the best values in the state.

STRAW HATS.

Don't forget that we are headquarters for them. You'll need one. It don't cost much to have one.

BLUE STORE,

Noyes & Andrews, Proprietors.

WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS.

BUY ONE.

If it does not please you, return it and get back what you paid for it.

SHURTLEFF'S,

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

SPORTSMEN

Before purchasing your FISHING TACKLE

Just drop in and look at my line of goods. I think we can show you some bargains. We are agents for the Iver Johnson Cycles, and they are honest goods at honest prices.

E. F. BICKNELL, 141 Main Street, Sign Hamlin & Bicknell.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

House, Stable and two Acres of Land. Two miles from Norway or South Paris. Inquire of HORACE, or ELLER SANBORN, Norway, Me.

MILLINERY BUSINESS FOR SALE.

Millinery and Fancy Goods Store in Norway. Best location in town. Only one other milliner. Owner going away, will sell at a sacrifice. Address, or apply to MRS. E. B. WILDE, Groveton, N. H.

J. T. ROWE,

Works at premium prices as... Tonsorial Artist, Physiognomical Hair-Dresser, Capillary Abridger, Cranium Manipulator and Facial Operator. Near Hobbs's Variety Store.

MAIN STREET, NORWAY MAINE.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Norway Branch Railroad will be held at the office of Freeland Howe, on Tuesday, July 20, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

24-25 FREELAND, HOWE, Clerk.

Bring in your FEET, have them FITTED to a pair of RUSSET SHOES FOR \$1.00

We have one hundred pairs of men's Russes. Shoes that must be sold at some price, and while we have your size.

SMITH & FLOOD,

Norway, Me.

A. T. Bennett & Co.

(Successors to S. Harriman & Co.)

DEALERS IN

Meats and Provisions

We also carry a full line of

GROCERIES

IN THE OLD BARTLETT STORE,

Opposite Elm House, Norway, Me.

Millett's Fig Syrup.

An agreeable and efficient laxative. The best remedy made to effectually cleanse the system and cure constipation.

It stimulates and assists the natural action of the bowels, liver and kidneys. Price 25 cents.

Manufactured by

L. T. Millett & Co.,

LEWISTON, ME.

V. W. HILLS,

The only : : :

Practical Optician.

: : : In Oxford County.

Examination of the Eyes, Free.

Barb Wire,

Poultry Wire,

Nails,

Sheet Lead,

Zinc

AT A BARGAIN.
 and two Acres of Land.
 from Norway or South
 of HORACE, or BELLEVILLE
 way, Me. 24th

BUSINESS FOR SALE
 Goods Store in live town.
 Only one other offer.
 will sell at a sacrifice.
 WILDE, Groveton, N. H.

E, Works at prevailing
 prices as...

ist, Physiognomical
 Capillary Abridger,
 Spulator and Facial
 Dr. Hobb's Variety Store...

NOTICE.
 of the stockholders of
 Railroad will be held at the
 on, Tuesday, July 20th.

ELAND, HOWE, Clerk.

YOUR FEET,
 in FITTED
 of RUSSET
 FOR \$1.00

of pairs of men's shoes
 sold at same price. Call
 ce.

& FLOOD,
 way, Me.

nett & Co.
 S. Harriman & Co.

Provisions
 a full line of

CERIES
 EARTLETT STORE,
 House, Norway, Me.

Fig Syrup.
 and efficient laxative,
 made to effectually
 and cure constipa-

and assists the natural
 is liver and kidneys.

nett & Co.,
 STON, ME.

HILLS,

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In Oxford County.
 of the Eyes, Free.

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TH HATS FOR
WEAR.

by design and won-
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on the head.

t room to tell all
and other things
a weather. Just
see for yourself.

LUMMER,
Market Square,
South Paris.

AT A BARGAIN.
 situated at Noble's Corner,
 way Village. About 5
 in good state of culture
 pear and plum trees.
 buildings consist of home
 also store and laundry
 good repair. Very desir-
 ous apply to
 East Waterford, or C. A.
 We have a good metal for
 habbiting, which we sell
 Call or address F. W.
 24th

THE OTHER HOUSE

Copyright, 1897, by the United States Book Company.
 She hesitated, and her eyes sullenly sought the faces of the three women with him, who did not speak and who made no movement toward her. The antagonism of woman for woman, the hatred of the lost for the happy, flashed into her woe-filled eyes as she straightened herself.

"Let go my arm," she muttered, shaking herself free, a horrible smile, meant to express contempt and indifference.



"Come in, won't you?"
 and, distorting her face. "I'd look fine in there. What should I do there?"
 And she walked quickly away, keeping close to the houses.

Mrs. Ventnor was thoroughly in rapport with her surroundings now. This was Zola outside the yellow covers of a novel. She looked after the woman, and a prying chuckle left her lips.

"Poor devil! Did you ever see such a face? Upon my word, if it were not for the smile, this adventure would be more risqué and entertaining than a French ball from behind a mask. Eh, Marion?"

"It's horrible," said Marian clearly, and Hugh, who knew all her moods so well, saw the cynicism that pained him stealing over her. "These people do not seem human."

"Pity them—pity them," Mark whispered, with soft vehemence, as he went up the steps beside her.

"I can wonder at and shrink from them, but I can't pity them, for I don't believe they know how wretched they are."

"Don't you think there may be roses even in this mire? Yes, though they look only fit for the mire, a little fragrance still licks in some of them around the folded inner heart. But only those who can pity will ever find it out."

Marian felt the fatherly reproof in the words, but there was not time to say more, for his friend had come into the hall and was vigorously shaking them all by the hand.

"Follow me, and I'll give the ladies seats at the sides kept for visitors. But I wish, Thorne, that you and Dr. Larremore would come on the platform. We have a mighty poor showing there tonight."

He ushered them into a narrow, low-ceilinged room, with benches down the center, and to the corners where a row of chairs were raised above these. But there was no room for Hugh, and, obeying a gesture from Mark, he found himself on a small platform, gazing at the preacher's back as he stood up facing the congregation, and with a wave of his hands inviting them all to pray.

Mrs. Larremore bowed her head with the air of a devotee. Mrs. Ventnor half covered her eyes with her gloved fingers and slyly peered through them. Marian alone made no feint at praying. She lowered her head a little, her deep, dark eyes sweeping thoughtfully over the place and lingering on every detail. It was a scene she was never to forget.

Those of the women who were inmates of the mission sat in front. They were bareheaded and wore clean, white aprons, while those who had strayed in that night in their rags and misery kept near the door. Here and there among the crowd a figure abjectly kneeling could be seen.

A hymn was sung, and during it Mark and the preacher went among the crowd and talked to the newcomers, who for the most part answered them only in sullen whispers.

One woman who sat just below Marian as soon attracted her attention wholly. She was young and decently dressed, pretty, too, in a dark, bold style, depicting the sinister lines on her face. Presently Mark found his way to her. She listened to his whispered admonition, then slowly turned her bright eyes on him and shook her head.

with a faint, trembling horror through all her blood.

This was moral shipwreck. This was what it meant to be lost—though living, to be dead. A nervous abhorrence of the woman and the place swept over her, a longing to get away and forget it all.

Mrs. Ventnor's hand upon her arm startled her.

"Look, Mr. Thorne is asking Dr. Larremore to speak. I can tell he doesn't want to. I wish he would, just for fun."

Marian looked over. She saw Hugh with his head inclined toward Mark, his usually pale cheeks slightly flushed.

"For my sake," Mark was saying, "just say something to comfort them, as if they were some of your poorest patients. You can do it. Forget it's a mission. I know this is different from talking about social economy to workmen and the ethics of personal cleanliness to newsboys, but you'll never, in all probability, be here again. Some of these women are so young, and you are young. That little girl in the sailor hat has scarcely taken her eyes off you since you came in. Speak to her, Hugh, just a few words."

"If you put it that way, of course—but I am unfit, unaccustomed. Still, if you think it will do any good, I will, and his heart began to beat nervously.

The thought of Marian watching him with a critical smile made his face grow hot. She had laughed at him last night, after leading him on to speak of his creed. "You would probably laugh now."

"Let her, then," he thought; "let her laugh, and when he heard Mark speaking his name he stood up."

The lights danced oddly just at first, but after a few words his self-possession returned.

Then the charm of his rich, sweet voice, unmindful of what words he said, fixed the attention of that unhappy little congregation. It was neither loud nor brilliant, that simple plea for repentance, right living and clean morals. But it was terribly earnest, and the strong, persuasive sentences filled the mean little place with harmony, stirring pure memories that had slept for years.

Marian leaned forward in a strained attitude, her hands like ice cold and fiercely clasped, her eyes fastened on Hugh. His stalwart figure, his impulsively extended hands and young, glowing face touched some chord whose vibrations swept her soul.

As the last words left his lips their glances met for the first time.

That burning look! It reminded him of the ignorant wonder of a dumb animal stunned by a blow.

CHAPTER VII.
 Mark bade them goodbye at the ferry-house.

"I must see more of you before I set off for the cliffs of Molokai, Hugh. I will not leave you before a fortnight, although I'll be rushed to death in the interim. You'll come to me in a few days? You know the mission address on Broadway?"

Goodbye, and goodbye to the others, his pathetic eyes lingering a little longer on Marian's face as she gave him her hand, then this latter day martyr jumped cheerfully on a cross town car and was whirled from their sight.

By the time Macedonia place was reached it was past midnight.

"Catch me being such a fool again!" cried Jenny as she threw herself heavily into a chair and drew off her long gloves. "I was sick to death of the whole thing."

Hugh had been silent under complaints of the same nature all the way home, and he said nothing now.

His face was dazed and pale. It was evident his thoughts were elsewhere. He went into his study and remained lost in a reverie before the open window.

In a corner of the room a throbbing spark of fire burned behind the globe. The shadows caused by the sputtering of the electric light on the street flew like great moths over the deep drenched garden, where every leaf was transformed into a white diamond. In the semigloom and midnight silence he could hear the beating of his heart.

Every detail of the evening returned to him. He was again facing the rows of desolate women, the hackneyed chorus of a hymn beating like waves upon his consciousness and his eyes mixing with Marian's across the crowd.

side her, and, quickly twisting it about her shoulders, she crept down the stairs into the dark hall, her bare feet making no sound. The door was ajar. She could see without being seen.

Hugh was standing inside the long window, one hand thrust backward and grasping his chair. The woman whom she had always feared and whom she now hated crouched on the window seat.

"Why have you come?" Hugh asked in a voice that sounded unnatural.

"Do not be angry."

It was a passionate, sighing whisper, and Marian's hands were crossed hard upon her heart.

"It seemed that my heart must burst if another night passed—without your knowing."

Hugh looked apprehensively toward the door, hesitated, and then leaned toward her, speaking in the caressing tone that was so irresistible from his lips.

"Speak very softly. You are in some trouble. Tell me quickly. If I can help you—"

Oh, the desire to take her in his arms! It turned his blood to flame. He battled with himself and faced her, rigid, self-contained and deadly pale under an armor of silence.

The lovely, stricken face was lifted nearer, the woman's hands reached out and clasped his. "Help me? Yes—yes, you can—you have. Your words to-night have saved me. I know now I have a soul. Tonight it spoke to me. Oh, that voice, so long silenced!"

A sob sad as a dirge drifted from her lips, though her eyes were wide and dry.

"Those lost women I sat among to-night," she said in a clear, slow whisper, forcing herself to say what hurt her cruelly, "I have sinned like them."

Jenny crept nearer. Hugh had not stirred.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yes."

"You don't believe me. Your face tells me so."

Something hard and reckless rang in the words as she started up, a lonely, black-robed figure, the mysticism of the night infolding her.

"I tell you it is true. The rags are missing and the visible degradation, but until tonight I was like that woman—that woman who sat near me, who had sinned without remorse and wondered why. Oh, listen, and know me for what I am. I was married when a very young girl. Five years ago my husband died. He was a scoundrel. How I loathed him! The three years spent with him were one long degradation."

She wrung her hands and threw them out from her, as if casting away some loathsome thing.

"Since that time my life has been a reckless one. I had an independent fortune. I gave the reins to extravagance of every sort, though always living within the pale of respectability. Ah, me, that is the last thing women like me are disposed to renounce. But I cannot tell you all."

The choked words came thicker, faster now.

"Perhaps you can guess how callous I became. By a love that proved afterward but a mothlike sensuality I was away from duty. It faded at last, leaving a weary disgust, and I knew very well that the man who had inspired it—corrupt and soulless, though dangerously brilliant—had never touched, even remotely, the better side of my nature."

Oh, how I grieved to hate him—my mode of living—my surroundings—myself! It was not repentance. Why, even the power to think, the capability of valuing what I had lost seemed taken from me. It was only satiety, distaste, restlessness. I secretly sought solitude here merely out of caprice, because I was bored. I met you. The rest you know."

boyhood till that night! Those beseeching eyes that halting, shamed voice, the burning hands clinging to his, her gratitude, her humility—could he ever forget them? She had needed him, come to him in the sanctity of remorseful anguish—and so had disarmed the devil who for a moment had stood whispering at his side.

In a twinkling the room was illumined, and starting up, his face marred by tears and passion, he faced his wife.

She was standing under the gas jet in the corner, her trembling fingers still holding the little knob. An amorphous mass of bluish white, the hairpins around which she had twisted the fringe of hair above her forehead stood upright and trembled with demonic significance.

Hugh spoke first. For Marian's sake he hoped the actual words of that interview had not been overheard, but he feared the worst.

"You have grown tired waiting," and he pushed the disordered hair back from his brow, forcing a smile. "Yes, of course. I had not meant to stay so long."

She gave a harsh, insulting laugh.

"Don't trouble yourself to lie about it. You were well entertained. You see I know all. I heard every word she said."

There were aspects of Hugh's character, expressions of which his strong face was capable, that his foolish little wife could not understand and which sometimes frightened her. She was frightened now. His face grew rigid and pale to weakness, his eyes opaque and heavy, the pulse in his forehead beat with slungish intensity.

She faced him defiantly for a moment, then her hands went up to her eyes and she commenced to cry. He knew that her jealous, narrow soul was roused to attack. Reason and persuasion would alike be wasted upon her. But Marian must be protected whatever came.

"You heard all, you say?" And he controlled his voice to quietness.

"Yes, I did," came in a spiteful burst through Jenny's quaking fingers.

"Then you must pity her as much as I do."

"Pity her?"

"She faced him now, a woman beside herself with jealousy."

"I'd like to see her driven from this place, beaten, jeered at! I'd like to see her—"

"You must pity her, I say, if you have a spark of true womanhood in you."

"How dare you speak to me of her—that creature? I tell you the whole street will hear what she is tomorrow; yes, the whole town."

Conquering her awe of him, she stamped upon the ground in a spasm of fury that twisted her face into hideousness.

"Creeping here at dead of night—oh, I'm not a fool! Pretending to be sorry. Bah! She's a common woman, and nothing else. Take your hands off me! You shan't touch me."

Like a peevish child she plucked at Hugh's strong hands pressed firmly upon her shoulders.

"I shall touch you, and you shall listen to me. If you have any grievance, it is against me. The woman you revile is innocent of the slightest wish to wrong you. Say what you please to me. Do what you please. But the difference shall be settled between us only. You listened to a miserable story of sin and remorse tonight. You know all you were not intended to hear, and you shall respect that confession."

"You'll see if I will."

"You must! If by a hint or a word you betray what you know, we shall be as strangers for the rest of our lives, even though we continue to live together."

He had poured the power of his truth, the warmth of his pity on her torpid heart. She seemed to feel his hand warm back, step by step. She seemed to go willingly, her eyes meeting his like a little child.

CHAPTER VIII.
 There was one thing Jenny could do excellently. She could cherish a grudge with a tenacity that was marvelous. As a child she had sulked; as a woman she brooded until her wrongs rose from molehills to mountains.

Anger at Hugh's espousal of her neighbor's cause had quite died out, leaving behind it a settled venom, an ugly, bitter hate, incomprehensible to any save just such pale, thin blooded, vixenish women.

For three days she neither looked at nor spoke to Hugh. His attempts at conciliation could not have met with less response from a brick wall. She polished her nails oftener and more assiduously than was usual, sat with her lips compressed and ate her food in silence.

Hugh had prevented her from carrying out her threat of exposing Marian, but her obedience meant total estrangement from himself.

On the third evening Mrs. Larremore had disappeared. In her stead a letter in a small, pale blue envelope, heavily scented with violet, awaited Hugh.

It begged him to understand that everything was over between them; he had insulted her in her own house; she had endured his altered manner and low intrigue with Miss Trent since March, but the last blow had been too much for any woman to bear quietly; she had written a full account of his conduct to her dear mother, and at her advice now went back to her, leaving him to go his own way, as she would go hers; it would be quite useless to follow her; doubtless Miss Trent would compensate for any regret he might feel at his wife's departure, if such a thing as regret for her was possible to him; she had taken her trunks, all four of them; she also wished him to understand that before leaving she had gone to Miss Trent and told her just what she thought of her, and she was, very truly, his indignant wife.

This was the substance of the letter that trembled in Hugh's fingers.

Jenny gazed! His wife left him! He had never dreamed of this. After the last sense of shock his eyes fell again on the line:

"I want you to understand that before leaving I told Miss Trent just what I thought of her and of you."

"You fool!" he muttered, flinging the paper from him and crushing it under his foot. "What are you driving me to?"

Rage and humiliation swept over him in waves. A cry of disgust broke from him. If she had only waited, Marian would have gone so soon with no suspicion of the love he had sworn to conquer. In her senseless, vindictive jealousy his wife had betrayed him. He had not seen Marian even for a moment since the night she had sought him. He had purposely kept away, had avoided meeting her by all sorts of small precautions—and now? Oh, it was maddening. He was shamed beyond redress.

How long he stood staring at the letter he did not know.

Back numbers containing the story furnished free to all new subscribers who wish them.

To be continued.

If strength is what you want, you should study what causes your weakness. It is practically lack of food.

But you eat three meals a day, and all you can eat at a time.

Yes, but do you digest it? Food undigested is not food. It is not nourishment.

It doesn't create strength.

To digest your food take Shaker Digestive Cordial at meals. After a while you will digest your food without it. Then you will get well, and strong and healthy.

Shaker Digestive Cordial cures indigestion and all its symptoms, such as nausea, headache, eructations, pain in the stomach, giddiness, loss of appetite, etc. It makes your food nourish you, and makes you strong and fat and hearty. Druggists sell it. Trial bottle 10 cents.

HARRISON.
 Mr. and Mrs. Purinton have visited her mother, Mrs. M. E. Varney of Naples, who is sick.

The newly-elected officers of the Christian Endeavor are: Pres., Geo. H. Greene; Vice Pres., Lester Weston; Secretary, Lizzie Lovell Scribner; Treas., Jason Scribner. The society meets, every Friday evening, at the church in Bolster's Mills.



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TWO Greatest Blood Purifiers ever produced in Nature's Laboratory COMBINED IN ONE, with every medicinal and curative property of each perfectly and permanently preserved. It has no equal—not even a rival—but stands alone as THE ONE single CERTAIN, SAFE and SPEEDY specific for soothing, strengthening and sustaining the whole suffering human system.

100c. the Bottle—1c. the Dose.
 Get it of any Druggist, or
 THE JAMES W. FOSTER CO.,
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WORMS

Hundreds of Children and adults have worms but are treated for other diseases. The symptoms are—indigestion, with a variable appetite; foul tongue; offensive breath; hard and full belly; with occasional griping and pains about the navel; heat and burning sensation in the rectum and about the anus; eyes heavy and dull; itching of the nose; short, dry cough; grinding of the teeth; starting during sleep; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions. The best worm remedy made in

TRUE'S PIN WORM SELIXIR

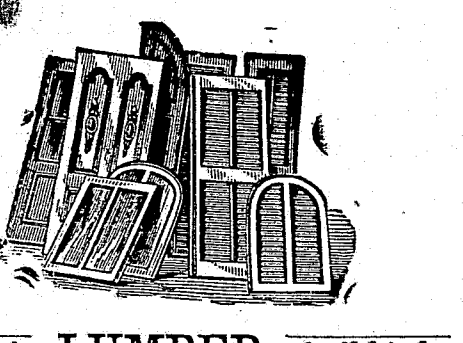
It has been in use 45 yrs. is purely vegetable, harmless and effective. Where no worms are present it acts as a tonic and corrects the condition of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels. A positive cure for Constipation and Biliousness, and a valuable remedy in all the common complaints of children. 35c. at all Druggists. DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me. For Tape worms we have a special remedy. Write for pamphlet. TRADE-MARK

WINDOW SCREENS

We have them all. Suit yourself as to price—

15 cents
20 cents
25 cents
30 cents

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 CHAS. L. HATHAWAY,



Dealer in **LUMBER** of all kinds,
 Has a special bargain in
 Aroostook Cedar Shingles,
 which he is selling for
 \$1.25 per thousand.

Office and Lumber Yard near Depot,
NORWAY, ME. . . . 50th

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
 A Good Farm situated in Otisfield, 3 miles from Bolster's Mills and 1 mile from Scribner's Mills. Farm contains 160 acres suitably divided into wood, pasture and tillage—known as the Chase farm. Crops, Stock and Farming Tools sold if desired.—2 Cows and Horses. Will exchange farm for property in Norway, South Paris or Bolster's Mills.

Also several desirable House Lots for sale in Norway Village. All for sale at a great bargain. For terms and particulars call on or address

J. A. BOLSTER, Norway, or
 F. A. BOLSTER, on the farm.
 J. A. Bolster will sell his home place, on Beal Street, Norway, Me. 23-26*

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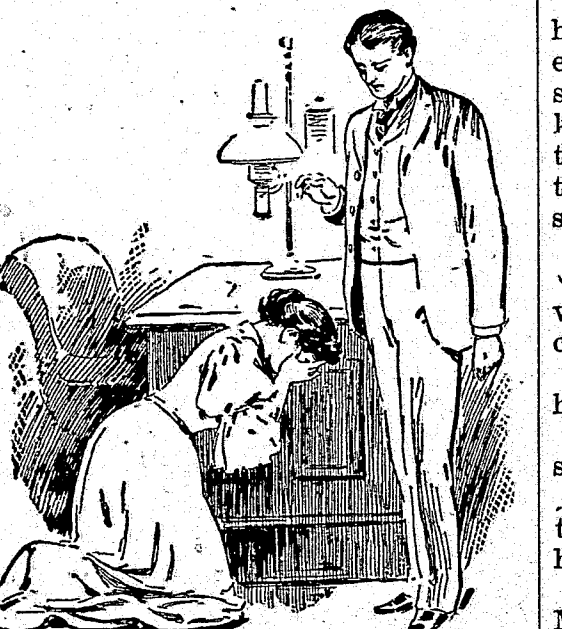
Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Harnesses,
 in fact all desirable Horse and
 Carriage Furnishings.
CYRUS S. TUCKER,
 Norway, Maine.

NOTICE.
 This is to certify that I have this day given my son, Clarence Walker, the balance of his time during his minority. I shall pay no bills or his contracting, or claim any of his earnings after this date.
 Dated at Norway, Me., May 31, 1897.
 23-25 ELBRIDGE G. WALKER.

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 Box 2562, Boston, Mass.
 For Sale by ALL DRUGGISTS.



"I tell you it is true."

Heaved himself capable of the agony of feeling that held him. Love and fear, pity, regret, passion and joy mingled together in an indescribable ferment.

"I have sinned like them," rang in his ears like a torrent. Oh, how horrible he had understood all and more than she had said! The look that tormented him was explained. No wonder he had felt it to the core of his heart. It had mirrored the resurrection of a conscience.

She had said that he had helped her, he had saved her.

"And all the while I loved her," he thought miserably.

But that was done with forever. The tears that started from his eyes washed his heart clean.

Tears! And he had not wept since

DENMARK.

Summer Smith is better, so to go out some, but foot not all healed.

Wesley, son of Sidney Smith, is very sick and his friends have little hopes of his recovery.

Farmers are having a hard time, and considerable corn is not planted. Crows are very bold and troublesome.

Denmark's moral atmosphere is much improved by a U. S. Marshall's visits and sudden removal of two prominent citizens.

Winifred C. Smith, who graduated at Fryeburg Academy, Tuesday, will stay at home, this summer and rest before taking a course at the Normal School.

G. B. Lockhart of Wakefield, Mass., is visiting at G. O. Pendexter's.

Henry Hanscome and wife of Ossipee Valley, N. H., are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Wilson, who has been staying at Mrs. Sanborn's, returned home Wednesday.

Rosie Hanscome and brother Melvin of Conway, N. H., are visiting their mother and sister here.

We are saddened to learn that Mrs. Mary, wife of Myron Deering, is just alive if she is still living.

Geo. W. Gray and wife, who have been spending the winter at Portland, came home, last week. Mr. G. has been surveying logs, a few weeks.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

Mrs. Charlie Stickney has been spending a few days at Wm. H. Stickney's.

Quite a delegation from Brownfield attended the graduating exercises at Fryeburg.

Harry Griggs is home from Cumberland Mills, where he has been at work as a machinist.

Alex McLucas has a job in Boston and has closed his house at East Brownfield and moved his family there.

John McLucas of Denmark has recently moved into his father's house at this place to care for his aged parents.

The recent rains have brought farming to a standstill in this vicinity. But a small portion of the planting is done

and ground growing daily more unfit for tillage. Many are complaining that what has been planted is rotting badly and will have to be planted over.

Brownfield station was entered through a window, one night the past week, the office door burst open and three holes bored in the safe, but it is supposed that something alarmed the party and they fled. Three tramps were arrested, the next morning, on suspicion, at Fryeburg, but there was no evidence against them they were released.

SUMNER.

Moses Merrill is very poorly.

H. A. Sturtevant lost a nice heifer, recently.

Fred Bonney has traded horses with O. L. Varney.

Henry Poland has sold his oxen to Mr. Frost of Hartford.

W. C. Holt of Hanover, was at Valmore Dunn's, one night last week.

Clarence and Ethel Robinson of Peru, visited their aunt, Mrs. G. F. Dyer.

Seth Parlin and Mr. Metcalf of Lewiston, are visiting at C. M. B. Parlin's.

L. O. Brackett of Auburn, visited his sister, Mrs. E. C. Bowker, last Sunday.

W. E. Bowker and R. N. Stetson went to Rumford Falls on business, last Thursday.

W. F. Bonney is making great improvement in his front yard by leveling it off.

Frank I. Thompson of Rumford Centre, spent a few days on his farm, last week.

Mrs. Mary Metcalf of Lewiston, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Parlin.

Mrs. Geo. Gross has gone to Massachusetts to meet her husband. They are going to housekeeping there.

Advertised Letters, Norway.

Mrs. Carrie Gammon, Mrs. L. E. Holt, Mrs. M. L. Libby, Mrs. M. A. Foster, Mrs. Howard Waring, John Aris, Frank L. Brett, W. B. McAllister, Kenry Vealansou, Fred Wentzel.

SOUTH WATERFORD.

Quite a number of cases of the mumps in town.

Ann Ellsworth has returned for the summer.

Mrs. Frank Roberts has returned to her home in Boston.

Alice Monroe and Hans Mullen are going to graduate from the seminary, next Tuesday.

Will Lord's buildings burned, last Saturday, fire was caused by the chimney, nothing saved.

Freeman Brown of North Bridgton caught a salmon trout out of Bean pond that weighed 6½ pounds.

Mrs. Chas. Sargent is in Portland, expecting to stay there about two weeks, then she is going to the islands for the summer.

Mrs. C. J. Abbott, who has spent several weeks in Boston, has returned.

Many of our people go to the graduation exercises at North Bridgton, Thursday.

People here are at a loss to understand what special sins have been committed by them that they should suffer the infliction of having their only outward mail leave this place at 5.15 a. m.

Some very fine specimens of salmon trout are being taken from the lake here and our residents are pleased to be able to offer such rare sport to the disciples of I. W., but at the same time they deplore the practice of "starvation" fishing that is being done to late and measures are being taken to put a stop to it, which will no doubt prove successful.

"Tatters," a comedy-drama, was presented at Village hall, on Tuesday evening, by the Sons of Veterans of Bridgton to a large and appreciative audience.

The characters were assigned by the management with a perfect knowledge of the special merits of the several persons who participated and everything passed very smoothly.

NORTH PARIS.

Frank Dunn has got through work for C. H. Churchill.

Kilborn Perham and wife were at G. G. Fuller's, June 14.

Edson Whitman has a hen that laid two eggs, each 6½x8 inches.

Miriam Dunham of Lewiston is visiting her cousin, Mrs. C. H. Churchill.

The 3d and 4th degrees were conferred on a candidate at the Grange, June 12.

Mrs. Nellie Littlehale gave birth to a daughter, June 14, weighing 8½ pounds.

W. E. Curtis with a crew is doing quite a job on the Churchill hill, cutting it down.

Mrs. Martha Andrews is sick, also Mrs. Nancy Noyes who is living with her sister, Mrs. Diantha Fuller.

It was voted to hold meetings of West Paris Grange during July and August in the evening, instead of afternoon, at 8 p. m.

Mrs. Loretta Churchill has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Blood, at South Paris, for a few days. She returned home, Friday.

It was Children's day at the M. E. chapel, June 13. The exercises were many and various and very interesting.

There was a good attendance and the scholars did themselves much credit.

Cliff Dunham is having a vacation, for a short time, but will return to Brattleboro, Vt., June 24. Carl Dunham will go with him, having a job as clerk in the same store, kept by their uncles, C. W. and G. L. Dunham.

Rev. A. K. Bryant will preach a Grange sermon for West Paris Grange at West Paris, June 27th, at 10.30 a. m. A full attendance of the Grange is desired and we hope all will be present who can possibly come.

Rev. Mr. Roberts is to preach a sermon for the Grange at New Paris, July 18, at 2.30 p. m. The Grange is much favored by having two Grange sermons preached for them, which they all appreciate, and we hope for a full attendance at both places to hear these sermons.

LOVELL.

J. B. Kimball jr. caught a trout from Kezar River, recently, weighing 1½ lbs.

There has been but little planting done here and much that has been planted is coming up poorly or not at all.

Mrs. R. C. Stearns and daughter from Florida, are stopping with the family of E. T. Stearns. She has come north on ill health.

The rats made a raid on the chickens of A. J. Hamlin, but Mr. H. being a veteran and accustomed to raids took a gun and settled matters.

The June session of the York and Cumberland Christian Conference was held with the Christian church at the Center, beginning Friday afternoon and holding over Sunday. The meetings were interesting and well attended.

Wesley Smith has moved to Stow.

John T. Lewis of North Waterford was in town, this week.

No ball game, last Saturday, as the Harrison club did not come.

There was a dance, Saturday night, at Fox's hall. A small crowd on account of the rain.

Barnes Walker and wife are in Portland visiting friends, this week. They went with their team.

Nelson G. Hutchins and wife from Rockland, Mass., are here on a visit. They are stopping at his father's, Seth Hutchins', at present.

A tramp came to town, Monday, and asked for a shoemaker. He was referred to W. M. Benton but he put the other way and called at Barnes Walker's for a lunch. So our shoemaker lost his job.

Tramps broke into D. W. True's store, Sunday night. They got in by a back window. They took a gray mackintosh without a cape, one pair of boots, canned goods and tobacco. There was some money in the drawer but they overlooked it. This is the second time the store has been entered. They also went into Fox's Hall but got frightened away.

SNOWS FALLS.

Prentiss T. Ripley of Cambridge, Mass., is spending a few weeks in town, and called at his uncle's, Geo. W. Hammonds', last week.

A deer crossed the railroad track just above the falls, last Saturday, jumping through the barbed wire fence, in full view of the section men.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Wood and little daughter Ella went to Boston, Saturday. Mrs. Wood will visit her mother and aunt at North Middleboro, for a few weeks.

P. J. Stanley has been appointed postmaster at Kezar Falls, vice W. H. Newbegin.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Hereafter on the first Sunday of each month the Rev. E. A. Doughty will preach at this place at 10 o'clock.

On the second, third and fourth Sundays at 10.30 a. m. until further notice. Children's day will be observed, next Sunday, the 20th, at the Union church.

Services to commence at 10 o'clock a. m. Sermon by pastor, after which the children will occupy the time in recitations and declamations, interspersed with singing by the choir and children.

Mrs. Harriet M., wife of A. J. Ayer, died, June 14, of diabetes. She was a member of the Baptist church and a consistent and devoted Christian. Besides her husband she leaves three daughters, Mrs. Florence Chapman of Hanover, Mrs. Fannie Small of Greenwood, and Mrs. Carrie Green of Mexico, and three sons, George, Charles and Herbert to mourn their loss. Her age was 60 years, 11 months and 28 days. Funeral services at the Union church, Tuesday, the 15th.

WEST PARIS.

Dr. E. C. Bolles is expected to spend the most of the summer here, and has kindly consented to preach for the Universalist society. The services will be held in the Baptist church at 10.30 a. m. on Sunday, 27 and each alternate Sunday thereafter unless further notice is given.

Some Popular Songs.

A musical exchange prints an article tracing the origin and history of a number of popular songs. Here is a bit from the article:

"Marching Through Georgia" was written in Chicago in 1865, by Henry C. Work, a printer, who often composed the words of a song at the "case" as he set up the type, and then, if he had access to the music type, would also compose and set up the music.

"Marching Through Georgia" was composed in this way, without ever being written out in manuscript. "Father, Dear Father, Come Home," and "My Grandfather's Clock."

"Old Folks at Home" was written by Stephen C. Foster; but E. P. Christy, the minstrel, paid for having his name put forth as author and composer on the first edition. Foster wrote also "My Old Kentucky Home," and the words and music of nearly three hundred other songs, many of them composed on pieces of brown wrapping-paper in the back room of a little grocery store in New York.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English wrote "Ben Bolt" in 1842, at the request of N. P. Willis, who wanted a sea song for the New York Mirror.

"Home, Sweet Home" was also the work of an American, in spite of a prevailing idea among Englishmen to the contrary. The author was John Howard Payne, an American exile in Europe; and the song was written for Charles Kemble, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre in London. It was an instant success, and brought the author fame, but not money.

"Listen to the Mocking Bird" was written by Septimus Winner for Dick Milburn, a colored man who used to wander about Philadelphia whistling like a mocking bird. The song paid its publishers over \$199,000.

While emphasizing the danger from infected sputum in spaces enclosed by walls and ceiling, some persons need to be reminded that the application of the anti-spitting regulations to all out-doors is unequalled for. Infections matter, tuberculous sputum or other, once in the free air and exposed to the sunshine is practically innocuous. But it is a nasty habit just the same.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who is original in all things, discovered an unique way of celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday. That was to write his recollections of some eminent men who were his closest friends, among them Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Dr. Holmes and Wendell Phillips. The Youth's Companion has had the good fortune to secure these intimate and charming papers, and the first in the series appears in the issue of June 10. Edward Everett, Dr. Hale's uncle, is the subject, and a very lifelike picture is given of the famous Massachusetts man, the hero of countless interesting incidents, who entered many fields of effort—ranging all the way from preacher to diplomat—and won success in all.

VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

Their Importance Is Not Yet Understood by the People.

Each succeeding year records a growth in the sentiment for good roads. A few years ago it was a subject that aroused little interest except among a few enthusiasts. Gradually there has crept into the minds of the people a feeling that our highways are not all that could be desired. The St. Paul Globe, referring to this, says:

Even yet nobody estimates truly the importance and value to the people of systematic general road improvement. The cheapening of production and the saving to the producer by a system of improved highways would be greater than all the reductions in railroad rates that have been made or can be made if they were carried down to the actual cost of operation.

The amelioration of social differences in the country, the abolition of that isolation which is the great drawback to rural life and the actual addition to the cash value of farm properties are benefits positively incalculable. So that, from the practical point of view, there is no subject relating to the development of the country and the prosperity and happiness of its people that can take precedence of the construction of good roads.

Farmers Want Good Roads.

It can no longer be truthfully said that the farmers as a class are against the good roads movement. A goodly majority of them are exerting a strong influence for the betterment of the public ways and are laboring with their less informed neighbors to try to make them view the subject in the same light. The result of the campaign of education that has been carried on this winter will become happily apparent in the superior amount and kind of road improvement that will be undertaken in a great many localities next spring.

Now Is the Time.

Since brains are the one thing most needed in making good roads they should be prepared for the spring work during the winter. Let the farmers discuss the subject at their meetings. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

HEBRON.

Prof. Brainerd is spending his vacation in Hebron.

Gertie Chesley was the guest of the Misses Packard, last Sunday.

Dr. Crane exchanged with Rev. Mr. Braden of East Hebron, last Sunday.

F. R. Glover is making extensive repairs on the Greenwood Hill spring hotel.

Silas Maxim of South Paris has painted Mrs. Gilman's house one coat, this week.

The second nine of Hebron defeated the Oxford nine at Oxford, Saturday. Score 12 to 9.

Judge and Mrs. Bonney of Portland are in Hebron to attend the Commencement exercises.

The Hebron Academy nine were defeated by the Westbrook nine, last Saturday. Score 9 to 4.

Al. Hibbs' horse fell and broke one hind and part of the harness, near I. P. Bear's, last Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Newcombe of Thomaston will preach the baccalaureate sermon before the senior class, next Sunday.

Of the class about to graduate at Hebron Academy, three of its members have been connected with the church choir, for some time, and will be greatly missed. Annie Marshall, who possesses a soprano voice of remarkable purity and sweetness, Emma Hale an excellent alto, and Frederick W. Newcombe a rich bass. During the past year Miss Marshall and Mr. Newcombe have sung several solos very successfully.

It is with sincere regret that we learn of the resignation of Carrie M. Douglas, teacher of elocution. During the five years that Miss Douglas has been connected with the academy she has gained many friends and won the respect and love of students and citizens alike. She has been a great help in the community, freely giving her valuable aid to many an entertainment. She has also been a member of the choir where she will be greatly missed. The well-wishes of a large circle of friends go with her as she leaves Hebron, and we feel that the entire community sustains an irreparable loss.

A Boom for Sebago Lake.

Mr. Miller, a wealthy hat and cap manufacturer of Providence, R. I., has purchased the Sebago Lake Hotel and intends to make it one of the finest summer resorts in this vicinity. Work will begin at once on the hotel and it will be thoroughly renovated. It is said that Mr. Miller has purchased the spring of Willard Moulton which is on the side of the mountain, and will obtain water for the hotel from this source, and he also intends to furnish a system of water works for the village.

D. L. Merrill will sell the standing grass on his farm in East Waterford, near J. E. McIntire's, at auction, Monday, July 5, at 1.30 p. m. See adv.; also posters.

The Youth's Companion says as an encouragement to boys who must work their way: "Although in better circumstances than some of his associates, the retary John D. Long, of the Navy Department, was like them a country boy and by no means a rich one. When he was fourteen he came up from Buckfield, Maine, to Harvard College—a shy and silent lad who knew nobody, had very little money, and carried his worldly possessions in an old-fashioned carpet bag. After he was graduated he taught school for two years, that he might pay his way through the Harvard Law School. Then, establishing himself in Boston, he entered upon that brilliant career which his character and talent foreshadowed."

The Sun shines once more,
and the Ladies will need a

Shirt Waist, Collars and Cuffs,
Neckties and Shirt Waist Sets

We have all of the above in the latest styles, and the prices will suit. We have a great variety of grades at all the popular prices.

Do not buy until you look at our stock, for you will surely find what you want if you look at our line of goods.

Your respectfully,

Noyes & Andrews,
Norway, Me.

Call and see our new line of

Reed Rocking Chairs

Just the thing for your piazza.

A large one for \$1.75, former price \$4.00
A nice Ladies' Rocker for .80, " " 1.50
" " " .50, " " 1.25

Also a choice line of

White Enameled Beds

At prices to suit everyone. Everything in the housekeeping line at a low price. Goods delivered at your homes.

C. H. EATON, Harrison, Me.

Sufferers from Rupture

WANT THE SUREST AND SAFEST RELIEF

that can be found. I have a truss that I sell for \$1.50; but the best is none too good, and for that the cost is \$3.00 to \$5.00 and upward.

I am particular to keep on hand for all emergencies the best line of trusses that I can find at the wholesalers'. I have them in all the different kinds of adjustments, but the ball-and-socket is the only that can be made to fit any injury.

VARICOSE VEINS

Need Properly Fitted Elastic Stockings.

I take measurements and have these made to order to fit any and all troubles of that kind on any part of the person.

F. P. STONE, the Druggist,
143 MAIN ST., NORWAY.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York

Blasts from the Ram's Horn

Others see our faults as plainly as we see theirs.

God never made a cow that gave milk punch.

Before we can live right we must first love right.

When we grumble much it is a sure sign we are very too little.

Put the wicked man in office and the devil will rule the town.

Happy the man who finds and removes the cause of his misfortune.

Many a man wants better preaching, who has no wish for better living.

The saloon will go in a hurry, when the church gets after it in earnest.

It is easier for water to run up hill, than for a selfish man to be happy.

The priest who "passed by on the other side" was at the head of a very long procession.

Our wisdom is often handicapped by our cumbersome knowledge, like a medieval knight scarcely able to move in his heavy armor.

God is the most hidden thing in the world to the proud mind; the most apparent to the simple heart.

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A. W. McCausland and wife of Norway have been visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank P. Stone, at Gardiner, extensive lumber dealer at Gardiner.

Merton L. Kimball is attending doin commencement, this week, the tenth anniversary of his graduation and the class of 1887 will hold a

Mrs. Ira Harriman and two children who live on Fore street, go to Canada on the Christian Endeavor expedition. They will visit her father, Henry of Los Gatos.

There will be a large delegation to this place attend Pomona Grange West Bethel, Saturday, July 3. Fare on the Grand Trunk and train leaves Norway at 7.30 a. m.

There will be an ice-cream and berry sociable at the Congregational church, next Tuesday evening. Weather is pleasant. Everybody invited.

As we go to press, Thursday, masons and their families are highly successful St. John's day, at Gibson's Grove, by Lake Umbagog.

E. H. Blackbird of Boston, town Tuesday, wholesaling Black patent non-corrosive pen. They lots of kinds and styles and any be suited. One in especial line up toes so that it will write on any or poor paper.

J. A. Bolster has sold the No. 10 lot on Paris street to Mrs. A. E. Also Mrs. O. V. Edwards of Mills has bought a lot of him on street where she will have an erected at once. Mr. Bolster has these lots in the ADVERTISER.

Tuesday, Mrs. Betsey W. G. and her sister, Mrs. Biza H. G. No. Norway were returning from to Hebron. A couple of miles of Hebron Academy they met two of young men from this place other from South Paris. They out to let the others pass. The South Paris boys were whipped tempted to get ahead by driving teams abreast. They succeeded drove off, notwithstanding that. Tage occupied by the ladies were wheeled, owing to their base. Norway boys Tuesday and held the carriage up and procured at which they returned safely. The unharmed except for the income to which they were put.

Charles H. Hayden

Charles Herbert, the sixth twelve children of John J. and (Annes) Hayden was born in May 28, 1888. He learned the lasting and sole-laying in the story here, and followed it till he a partner in the firm of Hayden who for some time operated vacant shoe shop at South being superintendent. From went to Havre, Mont. where he maimed till the fall of 1895, who turned to the old home, sick v. sumption. He gradually sank, about, and himself perfectly cheerful. He was a good boy, soon became unconscious away, that afternoon.

The funeral was held at the Sunday afternoon, Rev. Caroline gill officiating. Singing was male quartet composed of Sider, Frank Kimball, F. Wilson, and Wilfred W. Walker. The were Charles S. Akers, Charles ion, Frank H. Noyes and Fred vens. Interment was in the in Rustfield cemetery.

He married Alma Pendexter, accomplished woman. She is the care of two children, a daughter.

His widowed mother, three and five brothers were at the One sister was unable to attend

From June 14th
To July 1st, 1897.

I will sell at the following Prices, which are wholesale, and the goods are clean stock—no odds and ends. They are cheap enough to buy and keep,